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Wedding of the year

Sometimes, H&S, you're all Heart and Soul. For example, once upon a time there were two accountants. The man was a principal on the audits of Grace (Episcopal) Cathedral of San Francisco and the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of California. The girl was the accountant in charge on both audits. Then one day they were married in Grace Cathedral. And, as in all storybook weddings, they were attended by a great retinue, drawn (appropriately) from their colleagues.

When Donna Johnson, accountant in the H&S San Francisco Office, became the bride of Chuck Fuller, principal, on the afternoon of August 8, Thomas J. Graves gave her in marriage. Mr. Graves is partner in charge of the San Francisco Office. The Rev. William Geisler performed the ceremony in the cathedral's main sanctuary. Father Geisler, a living symbol of a man who multiplied his talents according to the Biblical edict, is a former H&S man and now an ordained Episcopal priest and controller of the California diocese.

The other attendants had H&S or family ties to the bridal couple. Chuck's best man was his brother, M. DeLano Fuller, Jr., a partner in a law firm that is an H&S client. Donna's matron of honor was Chuck's sister, Elizabeth Fuller Collins. Her six bridesmaids included Susan Cold, an H&S staff accountant (also married to an H&S man), and three H&S wives.

Among the eight ushers were Gary R. West, partner; Ronald P. Foltz and Ronald W. Shepherd, principals; Lawrence L. Leonard, MAS manager; Richard J. Fineberg and David E. Perotti, seniors; and Dennis Wu, staff accountant.

After the ceremony, the guests sipped champagne and ate hors d'oeuvres in the crypt of the cathedral.

They were served by four H&S staff accountants: Betty Mohr, Carol Bruce, Betty Barker and Lynda Herod.

As Chuck gained a wife, H&S was not to lose an accountant. Donna said she planned to "continue working indefinitely" in her special interests of auditing public utilities, and in the use of Auditape and other computer applications in auditing. A 1968 graduate of Iowa State University's honors program, she has passed the CPA exam.

Chuck, who has been a principal since 1967, received AB and MBA degrees from Stanford, served three years of active duty in the Air Force and now holds the rank of major in the Air National Guard.

Donna said that her "main interest (other than Chuck and H&S) is skiing," though she has had to retire temporarily from active membership in an H&S ski group. She was injured when a ski lift on which she was riding broke. But like any love story worth the name, this had its happy ending. It was while Donna was in the hospital in traction that Chuck proposed.

Where there's HOPE...

Having traveled in the back bush country of Haiti to observe inventories, C. Dave Jennings now of H&S Phoenix seems a natural choice to help set up an accounting system at Project HOPE's new mission deep in the rugged Indian country of northeastern Arizona.

HOPE (Health Opportunity for People Everywhere) is best known for its gleaming white hospital ship that has sailed to four continents in its decade of bringing medical treatment and skills to millions. HOPE is the chief activity of the People-to-People Health Foundation, an independent, nonprofit corporation supported mainly by private donations. It needs about six million dollars a year to operate the ship and some new land-based projects in this country, including one to teach the Navajo Indians how to run a hospital. HOPE's plan is that in five years the Navajos can take over Sage Memorial Hospital on their reservation.

They're taking over the accounting part of the hospital in just one year, Dave says, because "the Navajo girls hired as accounting clerks are extremely adept bookkeepers even though they have had no previous experience in double entry bookkeeping. I seldom needed to explain a procedure more than once. On top of that, most Navajos speak good English."

Still, setting up the accounting system and doing the preliminary work required that Dave make twelve trips in the past year to the hospital site at

Ganado, Arizona, over 300 miles from Phoenix, some of it over unpaved roads. That kind of traveling kept Dave's once bright green Camaro under an almost perpetual cover of dust or mud. He himself felt a bit grubby on occasion, too, because "no one has ever proposed a Navajo Hilton. So even though the client does provide me with a cottage, such conveniences as air conditioning and showers are sorely missed."

But there are compensations. Project HOPE is an unusual client, Dave remarked, and the engagement has offered some interesting surprises. Late in March, for instance, Dave set out to spend a few days on a surprise cash verification and wound up being even more surprised himself. "I left the warm Valley of the Sun," he recalled, "and drove four hours through the beautiful and clear Arizona mountain and pine country. Exactly at the beginning of the 16-million-acre Navajo reservation, I was stunned to find a wet snow falling and the dirt road a sea of mud."

"But the worst was yet to come, for the snow did not stop until three days later. And I was snowed in under 40 inches of the most beautiful white snow I had ever seen. It was a week before it cleared enough to travel without

snow tires or chains, but meanwhile it was no dreamy vacation beside a roaring fireplace. The hospital is no more than a few hundred feet from the cottage where I bunked, so there was no excuse for not going to work."

Although it may seem like hardship duty, there are a lot of fringe benefits in the Ganado assignment, Dave points out. Helping out on a project that will lead to the first Indian operated and controlled hospital in the United States is pretty satisfying. And, so are the HOPE people Dave has worked with. He and his wife, Bette, have in fact opened their Scottsdale home and pool to many of HOPE's nurses, who like the touch of comfort and the barbecued specialties of the Jennings house.

Where there's HOPE, there's liveliness, apparently.

Message from Lima

On Sunday, May 31, as the Memorial Day weekend and its various activities drew to a close across the United States, Norbert T. Madison, partner at H&S Detroit, and his wife were driving home from their son's graduation. Over the car radio they heard the first report of the devastating earthquake that hit northern Peru, mainly around Chimbote. The news hit them hard because Mrs. Madison's sister, a nun serving as a medical missionary, was in Chimbote.

News reports, concentrating on the terrifying scope of the quake itself, the

floods and landslides that came after, and the mounting number of deaths, frustratingly contained no details about individuals at the scene. Then the Madisons learned through a report from a ham radio operator in Pittsburgh that their relative, Sister John Cassian, had been injured. Where she was and how she was they could not find out.

A day passed with no more information. Alarmed now, Norb thought of the Firm's far-reaching resources and communications network. He called Bob Steele, Latin American coordinator at the EO, on the morning of June 3. At noon that day, Bob reached Lima with this Telex message:

NUN SISTER IN LAW OF DETROIT MAN INJURED IN CHIMBOTE QUAKE, WE UNDERSTAND SHE NOW IS IN LIMA SOMEWHERE STOP PLEASE TRY TO LOCATE SISTER JOHN CASSIAN OF SISTERS OF SAINT JOSEPH OF KALAMAZOO OF CHIMBOTE AND DETERMINE HER CONDITION AND WHERE SHE CAN BE REACHED STOP HER LAY NAME IS MARY KATHERINE LOGUE STOP WE UNDERSTAND SHE WAS BROUGHT DOWN BY SHIP

At DPH&S in Lima, the office telephone operator remembered a morning newspaper story about the dramatic rescue of a nun. Staff members found the article. By 3:50 p.m. Lima notified the EO:

INFORMATION INDICATES SISTER JOHN CASSIAN MIRACULOUSLY ALIVE ALTHOUGH TWO SISTERS WITH HER KILLED STOP BELIEVED TO STILL BE IN CHIMBOTE STOP TRYING TO LOCATE BY RADIO STOP WILL ADVISE ANY DEVELOPMENTS

The news was relayed by phone to Norb Madison in Detroit. Meanwhile,

John Pert, Lima partner in charge, was also busy on the phone. He called the U. S. embassy, Lima hospitals, the newspaper that carried the story and finally the reporter who wrote it. The newsman confirmed the story and added some details. By 9 the next morning, this message reached the EO and was relayed to Detroit:

HAVE NOW SPOKEN TO A JOURNALIST WHO INTERVIEWED SISTER JOHN CASSIAN IN CHIMBOTE STOP SHE IS BADLY BRUISED AND SUFFERING FROM SHOCK AFTER BEING BURIED ALIVE EXTENT OF ANY OTHER INJURIES UNKNOWN BUT NOT CRITICAL STOP HAVE BEEN ASSURED SHE IS BEING CARED FOR STOP STORY IN TOMORROWS PHILADELPHIA BULLETIN

The Bulletin's reporter had interviewed Sister John Cassian as she lay in a tent recovering from her ordeal. She told him: "I was completely buried. Only my hand could be seen. We were on the second floor when the shaking started. We ran downstairs, but the metal door frame fell on me and the whole house fell on the two sisters behind me. It took four hours for a derrick and bulldozers to recover their bodies from the rubble. Several cement blocks were piled on top of me, but it seems that the door frame protected me. I didn't feel any pain, but I thought I was dying and I started to pray. When Father Henry Camacho saw my hand sticking out of the rubble he started to dig and they got me out in a few minutes."

John Pert and the Lima staff continued their inquiries. They learned that Sister John Cassian had been brought to Lima. Gary Powell, formerly at H&S in Portland, visited her in the Anglo-American Clinic, as did Mr. and Mrs. Pert.

Sister John, in a letter to her family, said she was "very impressed" with the DPH&S people who visited her, brought her flowers and lifted her spirits. Norb, who joined H&S a year ago in the Rutten, Welling merger, added his own appreciation for the efforts of the Lima Office, the superior communications and the personal consideration afforded by the resources and people of H&S and DPH&S.

On June 5, John Pert filed the final Telex message on behalf of Sister John Cassian. The last line says as much as anything about how extensive and organized is our civilization, even in time of disaster in a remote place:

PLEASE ADVISE NORBERT T. MADISON OF DETROIT THAT SHE REQUIRES HER BLUE CROSS NUMBER

Beat the clock

Four Executive Office staffmen, who are as adept at antics as at accounting, managed appearances on television's fun-and-games show, "Beat the Clock," and earned themselves money, merchandise and merriment.

It all started with principal Jimmie S. Howell and his wife, Garlande, who was once a senior with H&S, and their son, Mark, who wanted to see "Beat the Clock" in person. Jimmie got tickets for them and for their friends, senior Dave Goldman and his wife, Lois. In the pre-show warm-up the emcee talked to the Howells, found out they had just moved to the New York area from New Orleans and invited them to be on the show. The emcee then talked to the Goldmans, found they had recently transferred from the Los Angeles Office and invited them, too.

Since new arrivals to New York seemed like a natural for the daily tele-

vision show, the first H&S couples introduced friends who happened to be in the right place at the right time. They were two senior accountants and their wives—Peter and Judi Jensen, formerly of Denver, and Joe and Kathy Kelly, formerly of Rochester—who won spots on a later show.

What did they all have to do? Well, beat the clock—while executing stunts that require coordination while a couple is trying not to collapse from hilarity. For instance, trying to jump over bowling pins when a man's feet and his wife's are braced apart by yardsticks and linked with a rope. For instance, trying to throw a paper plate from across the stage so that it would land on a glass plate perched on top of a paper cup.

The Howells won \$100 in cash, plus furniture, linens, floor tile and a five-year supply of furniture and floor wax. The Goldmans won \$50, furniture, three wigs and a sewing machine. The Jensens won \$100, furniture, a washer and dryer, golf clubs and a cart, blankets and house paint. Joe Kelly lamented with a laugh that the Kellys won only furniture and blankets.

What happened was his wife was blindfolded and there were these inner tubes and she was asked to jump over them. . . . □